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The Balance, AND COLUMBIAN REPOSITORY.

" HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D !
" HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D !"
BEATTIE.

HUDSON, (New-York) TUESDAY, September 27, 1803.

Original Essays.

Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,
Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind.

FOR THE BALANCE.

No. VI.—AND LAST.

A COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE DISADVANTAGES AND BENEFITS, WHICH WOULD PROBABLY ACCRUE TO THE UNITED STATES, FROM AN ENLARGEMENT OF THEIR TERRITORIAL LIMITS BY THE PURCHASE OF EITHER LOUISIANA OR THE FLORIDAS.

(CONCLUDED.)

BUT even putting the case that the climate of Louisiana were such throughout, that the whole of it might be cultivated by *white* people, it would still be worse than useless to the United States, so far as should relate to its occupation by actual settlements ; because they urgently need, within their domestic territory, manifold more labourers than they now have. When labourers are scarcer and more precious than gold ; when the whole, except a very small proportion, of the United States, now lies uncultivated and waste ; when hundreds of millions of acres of wilderness belong to the governments of the Union and of the particular states, and hundreds of millions more are owned as private property ; when a large part of the nation are already so thinly dispersed, that, from the impractibility of supporting schools and other institutions necessary to civil society, their children will grow up *semi-savages*—under these circumstances, what can be more absurd and ruinous, than to *wire-draw* population so as to extend it into a *foreign* country :—With strict propriety do I call Louisiana a *foreign* country : it lies beyond the vast body of waters which till very lately has been considered as the ultimate limits of the United States.——Why overleap this boundary ? Why transgress the ordination of nature, which has seemingly said, " Hitherto shall ye come, and no further ?" Why pass the Mississippi, in quest of land, leaving behind more waste lands than would cover several of the smaller kingdoms of Europe ? Why aim to extend, to Mexico and the Southern ocean, a population, the whole of which would not fill the single State of New-York ?—Such a measure might enrich speculators, but would inevitably impoverish and weaken the nation. —To compare great things with small, what would be thought of a farmer, who owning a homestead of the full extent of a square-mile, partly cultivated, but mostly a forest, and having only five persons upon it, should run himself deeply in debt for a tract of new land, at the distance of several hundred miles, and send on one or two of his domestics to settle and cultivate it ?—The instances are nearly parallel ; the inferences are obvious.

It may be argued that Louisiana will be made a lucrative object of national speculation, by selling it to land-companies for more than its original cost. But there are two considerations, which seem to invalidate this argument.—Firstly, Louisiana having been owned alternately by the governments of France and Spain, during a whole century, it scarcely admits of a doubt that much and some of the best of its soil has already been bestowed on some of the favorites of those two courts ; nor is it presumeable that the purchase of the right of jurisdiction would cancel the antecedent right of individuals to the soil. The natives also are numerous, and are the proper owners of the lands, which they inhabit : they must either be driven off by force, or their claims extinguished by purchases. But, secondly, supposing the United States should purchase nearly the whole soil, and should sell it to speculating companies for more than the purchase-money ; these companies, urged on by their private interests, would exhaust every species of intrigue to draw money and population from the East and from the Atlantic to the West ; and the baneful consequences to the Eastern and Middle States, which have been mentioned, would, in some degree, inevitably follow.

It may be further urged, on the opposite side, that Louisiana, tho' not wanted for the purpose of cultivation *now*, will be wanted by posterity. Let us spend a moment in examining this point.—One century, at least, will pass away before the present territory of the United States will be so full as to render it necessary to cross the Mississippi in quest of lands.—Now it must be well known, that, in the purchase of new lands or any other property, that is for some time to lie dead, the compound interest of the purchase money ought to be reckoned, till the period when the premises shall become productive.—Let this principle be applied to our present subject. Any given sum, at the compound interest of eight per cent. (an interest which our government has sometimes given, and may often be obliged to give again,) would double itself a little more than eleven times, in a century ; and ac-

cording to that ratio of accumulation, fifteen million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars would, in a hundred years, amount to more than three thousand million dollars!—A ſum that far exceeds the whole Britiſh debt;—a ſum that almoſt exceeds all human comprehenſion: Yet this, or near it, is the ſum which Louiſiana would ultimately coſt, on the ſuppoſition that it were to lie waſte, till the diſtant period when a full population would require its ſettlement and cultivation. Add to this the conſiderations of the expences of defending it and of the riſks of loſing it. Louiſiana has ſeveral times changed owners, during the laſt century; and may change owners in the century to come:—no-wiſe can it be defended, without an annual expence of a very conſiderable amount. It is alſo to be conſidered that the United States, already unhappily diſjointed by the immenſe range of mountains which divides them into *Atlantic* and *Weſtern*, would be ſtill further diſjointed by attaching to them a vaſt region beyond the great waters of the Miſſiſſippi.

If the view we have taken of the ſubject be correct, the advantage accruing to the States, from their holding the immenſe wilderneſs on the farther ſide of the Miſſiſſippi, is reduced to this ſingle circumſtance—it *may* tend to keep off dangerous neighbours.

So much additional territory, *Eaſt* or on this ſide of the Miſſiſſippi, as might be neceſſary for the permanent ſecurity of the navigation of that river, would be really valuable to the United States. New-Orleans, more than any other ſpot, ſeems to be the *key* of the Miſſiſſippi: therefore to have the entire right of juriſdiction over New-Orleans, ſo as to be able to fortify it and forever to hold it, muſt be of great importance. Some further acquiſitions, on the Eaſtern bank of the Miſſiſſippi, might be neceſſary to ſecure its navigation; and conſequently a deſirable object. The whole of Weſt Florida, (which is now ſaid to be included in the purchaſe,) as it abuts on the Miſſiſſippi; and as through it and on its Eaſtern border, into the gulph of Mexico, run the navigable rivers Mobile and Appalachicola, the ſources whereof are far within our national territory, would, if attached to the Union, tend to give it compactneſs and ſecurity of rights. Theſe acquiſitions would be important, not as a territory for cultivation, but as being neceſſary for the ſecurity, peace and proſperity of the Weſtern country. Viſionary theoriſts may declaim on the benefits accruing to the Union, from the annexation of a vaſt and fertile country beyond the banks of the Miſſiſſippi; and ignorance and ſtupidity may liſten and applaud; but, in reality, it is as clear as a ſun-beam, that an enlargement of this nation's territory, eſpecially in the *Weſtern* direction, any further than ſhould be neceſſary for the mere purpoſes of defence, and for the permanent ſecurity of its rights, would be injurious rather than beneficial to its general intereſts.

The ſubject, in all its details, will ſoon come before its proper tribunal; and every good man, of either political party, will rejoice in ſuch a deciſion as ſhall appear to be for the general good of the nation.

CALCULATOR.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

FOR THE BALANCE.

Meſſrs. Editors,

NO ſingle tranſaction has done ſo much towards unmaſking and expoſing the genuine features of democracy, as the late attack upon the liberty of the preſs, in this ſtate; and, as it ſeems to be the ſubject of converſation in all circles, I can ſee no impropriety in devoting this letter to its conſideration. For myſelf, I acknowledge, that if I had found the democratic party perfectly honeſt and upright in every other particular—if I had found their practice, in every other reſpect, exactly conformable to their profeſſions—if I had diſcovered amongſt them a love of truth and juſtice, and a hatred of hypocriſy and wickedneſs—if, in ſhort, they had proved themſelves, on all other accounts, to be *real patriots* and *genuine republicans*; ſtill, after this vehement and unjuſtifiable attack on the preſs, I ſhould be led to ſuſpect them. In vain have I ſearched the democratic newſpapers—in vain have I catechized my preceptor, to find out ſome ſort of plauſible pretext for the meaſure. The newſpapers, as well as my preceptor, have cautiouſly avoided the ſubject; or have treated it in an evaſive, diſingenuous, and unſatisfactory manner. From the following haſty ſketch, you will be able to judge of the quibbling talents of ſome of the democratic leaders.

Some time after the indictment of Croſwell, my preceptor, being overtaken by a violent ſtorm, called to ſee me. After enquiring about his health, ſhaking hands, and ſeating him at my fire-ſide, a ſilence of ſome minutes enſued. What were his reflections during this pauſe, I know not; but, for my part, I was contriving ſome mode in which I might addreſs him, without running the riſk of giving offence, or of throwing him into an embarraſſment. At length I ventured to broach the ſubject. "I obſerve (ſaid I) that a printer has lately been proſecuted in our county court for a libel on Mr. Jefferſon."—"Yes," anſwered my preceptor, with a look of ſome confuſion.

Ploughman. Under what law was this proſecution commenced? I thought the Sedition Law was annulled.

Preceptor. Yes, the Sedition law was annulled, as ſoon as republicans came into power. Mr. Jefferſon ſcorns the protection of gag-laws. 'Tis the common law that's now in force.

Ploughman. When and where was the common law made?

Preceptor. Ages ago, in England.

Ploughman. I think you formerly told me, there was no law to puniſh libels in this country until the Sedition Law was paſſed.

Preceptor. The Sedition Law was a villainous thing. It was paſſed for the purpoſe of ſilencing the voice of complaint, that the federaliſts might the more ſecurely carry on their nefarious plans.

Ploughman. But where was the neceſſity for ſuch a law, if the common law has been ſo long in force? Could not the federaliſts make uſe of the common law for their purpoſes?

Preceptor. I tell you, Sir, the ſedition law was the moſt tyranical and abominable act of the federaliſts. It was paſſed to ſtifle the voice of free enquiry. The federaliſts plundered the treaſury—they raiſed armies, built navies—they oppreſſed the people with taxes; and this law was paſſed to prevent the people from opening their lips about it.

Ploughman. I aſk you again if the common law could not have been employed for the ſame end?

Preceptor. (impatiently) No, no,—I inſiſt upon it, the ſedition law was intended to make John Adams a king!

Ploughman. Did the ſedition law puniſh any thing but malicious falſhoods?

Preceptor. Yes, it puniſhed every thing that was ſaid againſt John Adams and his junto.

Ploughman. Did it not allow the truth to be given in evidence?

Preceptor. No, indeed, no! *The truth in evidence?* Why, bleſs you, Sir, it allowed no ſuch thing.

Ploughman. I will not contradict you; but I have a copy of the law in the houſe, and if I miſtake not—

Preceptor. A copy of the law! No ſuch thing. It is a federal cheat. Nothing but a forgery.

Ploughman. It is publiſhed officially, Sir.

Preceptor. Poh, Poh—No ſuch thing.—But ſuppoſe you have—what then? Suppoſe the truth might be given in evi-

dence. Don't you know, the charges againſt the federaliſts were of ſuch a nature that they did not admit of proof?

Ploughman. I don't know: It appears however to me, that if printers are allowed to give the truth in evidence, when proſecuted for a libel, they ought not to complain.—But if I am rightly informed, this has been refuſed in the late caſe in our county.

Preceptor. No ſuch thing. The Attorney-General, than whom a more upright and candid man never exiſted, will let the fellow prove all he can. But he can prove nothing.—He will never offer to prove any thing—not he. They are all a parcel of infamous lies that he has publiſhed. Nothing but lies.

The ſtorm abated—my gueſt had warmed himſelf and dried his clothes, and, without the ceremony of even bidding me *good day*, he departed.—He had never diſcovered ſo much paſſion and want of candor, as at this interview. He had generally affected much moderation—and had converſed with decency. But the manner in which he treated this affair, ſerved to convince me that he conſidered it is a moſt deſparate caſe. He is not the only democrat, however, that attempts to defend the conduct of his party by abuſing the federaliſts. If ſuch defence is ſatisfactory to others, it is not to me.

After the above-mentioned converſation, I carefully avoided ſaying any thing to my preceptor concerning the proſecution of Croſwell, until ſince his trial and conviction. I was preſent at the trial, as well as my preceptor, who, when any opinion was delivered from the bench, preſented a countenance ſo marked with ſhame and confuſion, that I really pitied him. The next day I met him in the road, and could not avoid accoſting him.

Ploughman. Well, ſir—Croſwell was not permitted to give the truth in evidence on his trial.

Preceptor. O Lord, No—he could not do it.

Ploughman. He was not permitted.

Preceptor. He could have proved nothing, if he had been permitted. Every body knows he publiſhed nothing but lies in that infamous and ſcurrilous Waſp.

Ploughman. He offered to prove his charges.

Preceptor. Oh, that was all a *hum.*

Ploughman. But he was under oath.

Preceptor. That matters not. Federaliſts would as ſoon ſwear to lies as truth.

Ploughman. Are you certain, then, that the charges were falſe?

Preceptor. Yes—who could believe that Mr. Jefferſon would be guilty of ſuch crimes?

Ploughman. Then there could have been no harm in permitting Croſwell to attempt to prove the truth of his publications.

Preceptor. He could not prove them. They were all lies.

Ploughman. Why not permit him to attempt it, then? His guilt would have been the more apparent.

Preceptor. His guilt is apparent enough. An infamous wretch—to publiſh ſuch vile ſtuff againſt Jefferſon. He ought to be hung.

Ploughman. I think, however, that it would have prevented the complaints of the federaliſts, if permiſſion had been given——

Preceptor. Complaints of the federaliſts? What buſineſs have they to complain? Have not they done the ſame thing? Surely, they can't complain.

He put ſpurs to his horſe and rode off.

Theſe arguments of my preceptor, ridiculous as they may appear, are nevertheleſs very ſimilar to thoſe advanced in the democratic newſpapers. The party in general take great merit to themſelves for not acting *worſe* than the federaliſts. But even admitting that this is true—How are the people to be benefitted by the change in the adminiſtration, if the democrats, in excuſe for their conduct, tell us that the federaliſts have been equally bad? What! After we have taken ſuch extraordinary pains to remove the old officers of government, and to fill their places with new ones, ſhall we be told for our conſolation that the change is none for the worſe, nor, indeed, for the better? When the federaliſts were in power, the leading democrats, and my preceptor amongſt the reſt, complained bitterly of monſtrous abuſes. They declared, over and over, ten thouſand times, that theſe abuſes could never be corrected until there was a change in the adminiſtration. For the purpoſe of effecting this change, the *friends of the people* have left no means untried. After deſcribing the alarming ſituation of the country under the adminiſtration of Adams, they would paint, in glowing colours, the bleſſings that might be expected under the mild reign of Mr. Jefferſon. Above all, thy extolled Mr. Jefferſon's ſentiments with reſpect to the preſs. "He ſcorns (ſaid they) "the protection of gag-laws. He invites "inveſtigation. Nay, he had rather ſub"mit to the *laſcerations of ſlander* than at"tempt to *trammel* the *abuſes of the preſs.*" What, then, muſt be the reflections of my honeſt fellow-farmers, when they hear theſe very leaders apologize for their conduct, by declaring it is *no worſe* than that of the federaliſts. And how great muſt be the indignation of candid men, when they are informed that for the mild reſtrictions of the ſedition law, of which the democrats ſo much complained, thoſe very democrats have ſubſtituted the rigorous reſtraints of the common law of England, which declares that *truth itſelf is a libel.* Are not theſe ſufficient to convict the party now in power, of hypocriſy, deceitfulneſs, and hollow-heartedneſs? Let the people decide. I can anſwer only for

A PLOUGHMAN,
At his Deſk.

Balance Closet.

"Carlton, Editor of the Salem Regiſ"ter, a Republican Paper, has been in"dicted for a libel on Mr. Pickering, as "late Secretary of State; and Croſwell, "one of the Editors of the Balance, a Fed"eral Paper printed at Hudſon, has been "indicted for a libel on Mr. Jefferſon preſ"ident of the United States. The Com"mon Law principle is adopted in Maſ"ſachuſetts and New-York, that truth "cannot be given in evidence in juſtifica"tion of a Libel. The Federaliſts, after "vindicating and applauding the Com"mon Law doctrine, for years, now com"plain of it, when one of their party is "indicted." [*Pittsfield Sun.*]

In the above paragraph, the reader is presented with a specimen of the unfair manner in which democratic editors treat the proſecutions of Croswell. Not one of them has yet dared, or ever will dare to tell *the whole truth and nothing but the truth* about the business. The editor of the *Sun* could not even venture to mention it without ſurrounding it with two or three falſhoods. We believe that the common law principle, that the truth cannot be given in evidence in juſtification of a libel, is *not* adopted in Maſſachuſetts. At any rate, on the trial of Carlton, permiſſion was allowed him to juſtify by giving the truth in evidence. The editor of the *Sun* muſt have known this; and yet he attempts to hold up a contrary idea. How near ſuch quibbling borders on falſhood, the reader will judge. The next ſentence is abſolutely falſe. The federaliſts never either vindicated or applauded the common law doctrine with reſpect to libels. To evince their averſion to that law, they paſſed an act by which the odious doctrine, that *Truth is a Libel*, was abrogated and rejected. To this act, which permitted the truth to be given in evidence as a juſtification, the democrats, to a man, were uniformly oppoſed; and, by their means, it was permitted to expire. To prove that the democrats do *approve* of the common law doctrine, it is only neceſſary to mention, that, in the plenitude of their power, they have never thought fit to amend or ameliorate it, as the federaliſts did, when *they* had the power.

☞ A developement of the "Young Democrat" of New Jerſey, with ſundry other Cloſet articles are poſtponed for want of room.

Agricultural.

EXTRACT.

A NEW METHOD TO PRESERVE CIDER.

"THE green and defective apples ſhould be firſt made up and the cider ſent to the diſtillery, to make brandy, which is a very good cordial, if ſoftened with a little ſugar, and kept until matured with age. The good and ſound apples, ſhould be kept till they begin to grow mellow, then ground fine and the cider preſſed out. It ſhould be ſtrained through a hair ſieve when put into the caſks, which will take out the groſs parts of the apples. The caſks ſhould then be removed home, and ſet on ſkids at the North end of a building, or ſome other cool place, (but not in the cellar,) where being placed a little ſloping, the bungs ſhould be taken out and filled up daily with cider, ſo that all the ſcum may go off. When the liquor is fine or clear, which will be in four or five days, it ſhould be drawn off in clean caſks, bunged up cloſe, and ſtowed away in the cellar for future uſe.

"It will be much ſofter and pleaſanter than when preſerved in the uſual way; and the reaſon is plain; for all the fermentation in cider proceeds from ſmall particles of apples remaining in the liquor. In the above method they are moſtly ſeparated very ſoon and thereby the cider is prevented fermenting ſo far as to make it ſour.

"The cider that is deſigned to be kept after June, ſhould again be racked off in March; and if a match of brimſtone is burnt in each caſk, and a quart of cider brandy added to each barrel, and is kept quite tight bunged, it will keep good two or three years.

"There is conſiderable ſaving of caſks in the above method, as each may be filled quite full of good cider, without any ſediment at the bottom, or ſpace at the top after the cider is wrought.—The emptyings, or ſediment that is left, will anſwer for the ſtill."

MANY characters are *negatively* good; but *great virtues* are as uncommon as *great talents*.

Monitorial Department.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion.

FROM THE BOSTON CENTINEL.

A SKETCH

OF THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE

DAVID TAPPAN, D. D.

HOLLIS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY IN HARVARD COLLEGE.

THE hiſtorian, who collects brilliant examples of virtue, for the inſtruction of mankind, will dwell with delight on the character of Dr. TAPPAN. He poſſeſſed, in an uncommon degree, the various qualifications which adorn the gentleman, the ſcholar, and the Chriſtian. His manners flowed from a heart, replete with benevolence, and were calculated to conciliate the affection and eſteem of men of all ranks, and of Chriſtians of every denomination.

He held a diſtinguiſhed rank among the literati of our country. His ſtudies were chiefly directed to thoſe branches, which were calculated to render him uſeful in his office, at the Univerſity, and eminent as a miniſter of the Holy Religion. And though exalted attainments in theſe ſtudies, excite not that admiration, which their intrinſic excellence deſerves; though none but the wiſe and good can duly eſtimate that philoſophy, which inſpires

> - - - - - - "The better fortitude
> "Of patience and heroic martyrdom,"

Yet, theſe are moſt neceſſary, to render the individuals happy, and States proſperous.

The glory of Dr. TAPPAN's character ſhone with unequalled reſplendence in piety to God, and benevolence to man. He poſſeſſed an exquiſite ſenſe of right and wrong, of decorum of character, and of chaſtity in conduct. Though firmly attached to thoſe ſentiments, which he conſidered the doctrines of Scripture, his charity embraced the ſincere of every denomination.

No ambition is ſo pure, as that which animates men to aſpire to excell in deeds of benevolence. Of this ſpirit Dr. TAPPAN was poſſeſſed. He was qualified in an eminent degree, to make men wiſe and good. In public, he was highly acceptable and ſucceſsful. His eloquence flowed from a heart deeply impreſſed with the truth of that religion which he preached. Who ever heard him deſcribe the charms of religion, without feeling, that his good reſolutions had gained ſome acceſſions of ſtrength? Who ever heard him dwell on the "terrors of the law," without confeſſing, that the anger of heaven againſt the finally impenitent would be juſt?

Deeply is this loſs felt by our Univerſity. Seeing that her ſons have loſt a father, her patrons an aſſociate; her feſtival is changed into mourning, and her venerable ſeats are cloathed with the habiliments of the grave.

Cut down in the midſt of his days and uſefulneſs, his death, though happy for himſelf, is too ſoon for his country. How he loved her glory, and lamented her wrongs; how he endeavoured to aſſuage the violence of party, and to vindicate the manners and principles of the pure age of our republic, are in the memory of all who obſerved him revolving in his exalted ſphere.

Thoſe who feel gratitude ought to expreſs it. But how inadequate is language, to give life to the ſentiments of the heart. While we are humbled under a ſenſe of calamity which we ſuſtain, we muſt rejoice, that the favoured ſervant of heaven is tranſlated from toil to glory, and that he is diſtinguiſhed among thoſe

"Quique ſacerdotes caſti, dum vita manebat;
Quique pii vates et Phoebo digna locuti."

Miscellany.

A HUMOROUS COMPROMISE,

Containing a good leſſon to huſbands and wives; being part of a ſcene from Kotzebue.

(*Joſephine* is daughter of Van Snarl, a rich and teſty Dutch Merchant: *Hans William* a young Dutchman, and ſon of another rich Merchant, is ſuitor to *Joſephine*; and, in order to make his obſervations to better advantage, had impoſed himſelf both upon the father and daughter, under a fictitious name and character.)

Joſephine. Why did you wiſh to impoſe on me?

Hans William. I'll tell you—your father and mine have treated our love a little too much in a mercantile manner.

Joſ. Our love!

H. Wil. I did not wiſh to contradict my father, and as my heart was free, I neither promiſed nor refuſed, but I was determined firſt to take a look at you. If I had not liked you, I ſhould have been off again in a moment: but—here I am ſtill—and, to own the truth at once—I do like you.

Joſ. You're very flattering.

H. Wil. And therefore meaning to be a dutiful ſon (*advances towards Joſephine.*)

Joſ. Hold. hold, not in ſuch haſte—perhaps I may have a mind firſt to look at you too.

H. Wil. With all my heart—*(turns round.)*

Joſ. The outſide is well enough—but who will anſwer for the inſide?

H. Wil. That you'll find out after the wedding.

Joſ. A clear bargain, my father ſays, prevents quarrels—ſuppoſe we agree to tell our faults to one another, and then try if we can be friends?

H. Wil. With all my heart.

Joſ. Well, do you begin.

H. Wil. Firſt, I am hot-headed and paſſionate.

Joſ. That may be cured by good temper on my part.

H. Wil. I am careleſs.

Joſ. That will be cured when you have a wife to look after.

H. Wil. I am vain.

Joſ. That you muſt only be of *me*.

H. Wil. I ſhall be vainer than ever, if I win you for my wife.

Joſ. Well, that I'll forgive—proceed.

H. Wil. That is all.

Joſ. Oh, then you may be endured.

H. Wil. I hope ſo—and now its your turn to tell your faults.

Joſ. I have none.

H. Wil. None at all?

Joſ. Girls have no faults before marriage.

H. Wil. And after marriage?

Joſ. Have none but in the eyes of their huſbands.

H. Wil. So we have ſettled our accounts already?

Joſ. Hold! hold! there are a few other things to be diſcuſſed. Have you no bad habits?

H. Wil. None that I know of.

Joſ. How do you paſs the day when you are at home?

H. Wil. I have a fooliſh cuſtom of my country—I like a pipe for an hour or two.

Joſ. I cannot endure it—you muſt give up the pipe.

H. Wil. I ſhall find that difficult, perhaps.

Joſ. As you pleaſe—I can play with my lap-dog while you are ſmoaking.

H. Wil. Your lap-dog?

Joſ. I can leave him when you leave the pipe.

H. Wil. I give up the pipe—

Joſ. I give up the lap-dog—proceed.

H. Wil. I love to dine at two.

Joſ. I hate to dine till four.

H. Wil. For your ſake I can dine an hour later.

Joſ. To oblige you I would dine an hour earlier.

H. Wil. Then at three—

Joſ. Agreed.

H. Wil. After dinner I take a nap.

Joſ. And I take an airing.

H. Wil. Without *me?*

Joſ. I cannot take your bed in my carriage.

H. Wil. But ſuppoſe I don't ſleep?

Joſ. Then I don't go out.

H. Wil. In the evening I go to the club.

Joſ. And I invite company.

H. Wil. Company that I don't know?

Joſ. I cannot aſk your club into my apartment.

H. Wil. Then I ſhall ſtay at home—

Joſ. And I ſhall have no company but thoſe whom you invite.

From the National Intelligencer.

SOME years ago, a clergyman in England, who to the duties of his ſtation added the benevolent taſk of aſſiſting his pariſhioners in the capacity of phyſician, happened to have a number of them ill with malignant fevers. One day upon viſiting a patient (to whom bark and other uſual medicines had been adminiſtered without effect, and of whoſe recovery there was no hopes,) the curate obſerved a veſſel of yeaſt ſtanding by the fire—He recollected having heard that meat beginning to putrify, being placed over a veſſel of yeaſt or fermenting liquor would be preſerved from further putrefaction; and the idea ſtruck him to try the effect of yeaſt upon his patient, as he conſidered him paſt recovery—He ordered a ſpoon full of yeaſt to be given once or twice an hour—Next day he found him recovering, ordered the yeaſt to be continued in like manner; the ſick man got well, and the Curate had equal ſucceſs in a variety of caſes of putrid and malignant fevers in which he adminiſtered only yeaſt.

Theſe circumſtances I mentioned to a circle of friends in Ireland. Soon after one of thoſe friends was ſeized by a fever; his phyſician, after ſome time, deemed it neceſſary to have a conſultation of the Faculty: they recommended to my friend's wife to prepare for the worſt, as it was ſcarce poſſible her huſband could live through the night. She ſent for ſome yeaſt and adminiſtered it to him every half hour during the night; in the morning the doctors found, to their aſtoniſhment, their patient not only alive, but in a fair way to recover. He did recover and is, I believe, now living.

Query—What effect may yeaſt have in the yellow fever, introduced in as great quantities as the ſtomach will bear, and freely adminiſtered to the bowels by clyſters?

Every brewer and diſtiller knows that the fixed air contained in yeaſt will ſpeedily kill a man whoſe head is held over a veſſel containing a quantity of yeaſt or fermenting liquor. The ſame principle prevents the putrefaction of meat, not only prevents the generation of maggots, but the previous ſtage of putrefaction. If then the fixed air contained in yeaſt or fermenting liquors, checks putrefaction in animal ſubſtance deprived of life, will it not check the tendency to putrefaction that exiſts in the human frame when ſeized by a putrid diſeaſe?

I am not a phyſician, nor is it probable I ſhall ever have an opportunity of trying effects of yeaſt upon the ſcourge of our Seaport towns. The above reaſoning upon the ſubject ſeems to me fair, the practice in diſorders leſs deſtructive than the yellow fever has been ſucceſsful, and as the medicine is eaſily obtained, I wiſh it may have a trial and prove equally ſucceſsful in yellow fevers.

From the New-Bedford Courier.

MURIATE AND SULPHATE OF SODA MANUFACTURED IN MASSACHUSETTS.

AT Dennis, in the county of Barnſtable, common ſalt is cryſtallized from ocean water, without culinary heat or boiling, in conſiderable quantity. The amount is ſtated at twenty thouſand buſhels a year of domeſtic ſea ſalt. This is eſtimated at one-fifth of the quantity conſumed in the Cape Cod fiſhery, annually, which is reckoned to be one hundred thouſand buſhels. It is ſtated to be excellent in purity, whiteneſs and weight. It reſembles the firſt quality of Iſle of May ſalt, and is as heavy as eighty pounds the buſhel. Great improvements have been made in cheapening the erection of the works and in abridging the performance of labour. At the ſame place Glauber's ſalt is prepared in large quantities, to the amount it is believed of fifty tons per annum. It may be made there equal to any in the world, and abundant enough for the whole home market and the Weſt-India Iſlands.

It is expected that both epſom ſalt and magneſia will be prepared from the bittern, as ſoon as the manufacture is a little further advanced, and the artiſts ſhall have had further time to gain practical ſkill by experience.

Be it our weekly task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

Bonaparte's Negociation with the Bourbon Family.

THE KING OF FRANCE.

The following is a translation of a printed paper delivered at his Levee, by Monsieur, entitled, "Publication made by Monsieur, brother to the King of France."

Monsieur, the brother of the king of France, has looked upon it as his duty no longer to observe silence on an important fact too vaguely understood. The different accounts which have been circulated of it, the false reports which an usurping government has spread in France, imperiously demand that the opinion of the public, and particularly that of the French, should be accurately formed on the true facts.

This is the consideration which has determined Monsieur, in the present conjuncture, to publish the details, which particular circumstances, however interesting, do not suffer him to enlarge upon more fully than as follows:

On the 26th of February in the present year, a person fully authorised, waited on the king of France, at Warsaw, and verbally made to his majesty, in the plainest, but, at the same time, the most pressing, and, as he thought, the most persuasive terms, the proposals of renouncing the Throne of France, and of requiring the same renunciation on the part of all the members of the house of Bourbon. This person added, that in return for such a sacrifice, Bonaparte would himself secure the King sufficient indemnities, and even a splendid support.—His Majesty, strongly impressed with that sentiment, which misfortune never destroys in great souls, and which attaches him as strongly to his own right, as to the happiness of France, instantly made the following answer, and remitted it in writing on the 28th, to the person who had been dispatched to him.

THE KING'S ANSWER.

"I do not confound Mr. Bonaparte with those who have preceded him; I esteem his valour, his military talents; I am pleased with several of his acts of administration: for the good done to my people will ever be dear to me; but he deceives himself if he thinks he can induce me to transfer my rights, so far from that, he will himself strengthen them, if they could be questioned, by the course he at present pursues.

"I know not the designs of Providence with respect to me and my race. But I know the obligations which are imposed upon me by the rank in which it was his will that I should be born.

"As a christian I shall, to my last moment fulfil those obligations; as a descendant of St. Louis, I shall, like him, respect myself even in chains; as a successor of Francis I. I shall be desirous of saying with him—*Nous avons tout perdu, fera l'honneur*—"*all is lost, except our honour.*"

At the bottom is written:

"With the permission of the King, my uncle, I with all my heart and soul, adhere to this act.

(Signed) "LOUIS ANTOINE."

On the 2d of March, the King wrote to Monsieur, an account of all that had passed, and desired him to communicate it to the Princes of the blood, who were then in England; undertaking himself to make the same communication to such as were not there.

On the 23d of April, Monsieur called a meeting of the Princes, who with equal zeal and unanimity, signed the following instrument of approbation of the King's answer of the 28th of February.

ACT OF APPROBATION OF THE PRINCES.

"We, the undersigned Princes, the brother, nephew, and cousins of his Majesty Louis XVIII, King of France and Navarre:

"Deeply penetrated with the same sentiments with which our Sovereign Lord and King shews himself so nobly animated, in his answer to the proposition which has been made to him to renounce the throne of France, and to renounce their imprescriptible rights to the succession of that Throne;

"DO DECREE,

"That as our attachment to our duties and our honour, can never permit us to commute our rights, we concur with heart and soul, in the answer of our king.

"That, after his example, we shall never suffer ourselves to be wanting in the slightest degree in our duty to ourselves, our ancestors, or our posterity.

"We further declare, that being positively certain that the great majority of the people of France, entertain, in their hearts, the same sentiment which animates us, it is in the name of our loyal countrymen, and in our own, that we renew, before God, on our swords, and in the hands of our king, to live and die, true to honour and to our lawful sovereign.

Signed, "CHA. PHILIPPE, *of France.*
"CHA. FERD. D'ARTOIS, *Duke of Berri.*
"LOUIS PHIL. D'ORLEANS, *Duke of Orleans.*
"ANTOINE PHILLIPPE D'ORLEANS, *Duke of Montpensiert.*
"LOUIS CH. D'ORLEANS, *Count of Beaujolois.*
"LOUIS JOS. DE BOURBON, *Prince of Conde.*
"LOUIS HEN. JOSEPH DE BOURBON CONDE, *Duke of Bourbon.*

"Wanstead House, April 23d, 1803.

Act of Accession of the Duke of Engheim.

"SIRE,—The letter of the 2d of March, with which your Majesty has deigned to honour me, has come punctually to hand. Your majesty too well knows the blood which flows in my veins, to have for a moment doubted in what sense I should make the reply required. I am a Frenchman. Sire, a Frenchman, faithful to his God, to his king, and to his vows of honor. Many others may one day, perhaps envy me this three-fold advantage. Let your majesty then deign to permit me to add my signature to that of the Duke of Angouleme, as I, like him, adhere, with all my heart and soul, to the contents of the note of my King. In these unalterable sentiments, I am, Sire, your majesty's most humble, most obedient, and most faithful subject and servant.

(Signed)

"*Louis Antoine Henri De Bourbon.*

"Ellenheim, in Baden, March 12, 1803."

The Prince of Conde's act of adherence has not yet been received by Monsieur; but there is no doubt of it.

Monsieur has since learned, that on the 19th of March the same envoy, in pursuance of orders which he had received, again waited on the king, to request a change, not in the substance, but in the form of his majesty's answer. It seemed to be apprehended that it might irritate the Usurper to such a degree as to provoke him to use his influence to aggravate the afflictions of the king. His majesty answered, that "he should make no alteration in his answer, which was as moderate as possible, and that Bonaparte would be wrong to complain of it, since, if his majesty had styled him rebel and usurper, he would say no more than the truth." The dangers of such a reply were then pointed out to the king. "What," replied the king, "is malice to require that I should be driven from my present place of retreat? I shall pity

the ſovereign who ſhall feel himſelf obliged to take ſuch a part, and ſhall be gone." Oh no! but might there not be reaſon to fear, leſt Bonaparte ſhould require certain powers to withhold from the Count de Liſle the aſſiſtance which he now receives from them? "I fear not poverty, if neceſſary, I ſhall eat brown bread with my family and my faithful followers. But be not deceived; I ſhall never be reduced to that; I have another powerful reſource which I do not think it my duty to uſe, while I have my preſent powerful friends; I have but to make my condition known in France, and to hold out my hand, not to the government of the Uſurper; no, never; but to my faithful ſubjects; and, believe me, I ſhall ſoon be richer than I now am."

The conſequence was, that the meſſenger was obliged to take back the king's anſwer, which had been returned to his majeſty, under an expectation that he would have made ſome alterations in it.

Faithful ſubjects, ſpirits truly French, recogniſe at length a king ſo worthy to reign over you, whom the government of an Uſurper ſeparates from his people.

LONDON, AUGUST 8.

From Havre de Grace, ſay letters, 70,000 men, on board a fleet conſiſting of gun-boats and other veſſels of various denominations, ſail in a direction, as nearly as poſſible, for the Suſſex Coaſt.—They are to land, if poſſible, near Brighton.

From Boulogne, Calais, Dunkirk, Oſtend, and Holland, the ſeveral flotillas are to proceed to the oppoſite ſhores, without making any junction during the paſſage; nor are they to make any attempt to aſſiſt each other, in caſe of an attack by the Britiſh fleet, but to proceed directly for the Engliſh coaſt.

We therefore learn, by theſe diſpatches the ſeveral points where it is propoſed a landing ſhall take place, and which ſeem to be confined to Suſſex, Kent, and Eſſex. Such of the armies as are fortunate enough to get footing on the Engliſh ſhores are to make a junction with all poſſible diſpatch, and afterwards fight their way to the Britiſh metropolis.

It is likewiſe poſitively aſſerted that Bonaparte will command the invading armies in perſon, and that he hath not yet arranged his ſtaff, nor appointed the Generals who are to act under him. It is, however, believed, that General Vandame will have a diſtinguiſhed command in the enterprize, and ſail in the ſame diviſion with the Premier Conſul.

"P. S—You may be aſſured the whole of theſe diviſions will ſail when the evenings increaſe in length and the nights are dark."

AUGUST 10.

A letter from Dublin of the 25th ſays,

"On Sunday morning the dead bodies of the rebels were taken up in the ſtreets, and a great number of cars were employed in carrying them to the caſtle-yard to have them identified. In the number were ſeveral women, who were found with pikes and ſtones in their hands. One corpſe particularly attracted attention; it was the body of an old man, upwards of 70, a ſhoemaker, well known in the liberty. He was bare-footed and bare-legged. He had been ſhot through the body, and lay upon the ground with a knife in each hand. The dead bodies appear to be of the loweſt orders of ſociety."

DUBLIN, JULY 28.

"Cornet Cole, of the 12th Dragoons, fell a victim on Saturday night to the fury of the rebels. The Barrier Gates, are every where erecting, and the Caſtle is ſtrengthened by works, ſo that it is ſafe from any attempt. Several regiments have marched in from the north, ſo that we have now here a very fine garriſon. It is ſaid that Dr. M'Nevin and counſellor Emmett are now in Dublin, and a vigilant ſearch is making for them. It was ſuppoſed that O'Conner was alſo here, but that I believe is not the caſe. Some Frenchmen have been apprehended by Major Sirr, upon ſuſpicion of being ſpies. Major Sirr's vigilance, and exertions are beyond all praiſe. Many thouſand pikes have been ſeized in different parts of this city. They are a tremendous weapon, which nothing but Fire-arms can withſtand. On Tueſday I ſaw a moſt ſuperb regimental coat ſeized—it was entirely of green cloth, richly ornamented with gold lace, and I am clear it is of French manufacture. It was intended for a general officer; a hat ſeized with it was alſo very handſome. The pikes in general are not of ſuch good manufacture as thoſe uſed in the laſt rebellion, they conſiſted merely of a ſimple ſpike at the end of a long pole, twelve or fourteen feet in length; but ſome of them are almoſt too good to be Iriſh manufacture—they are evidently French.

"In a Coal-yard near the Coal Quay, another large parcel of pikes was found; theſe and the furniture of the houſe were burned. Two cart-loads of powder were found in another place; and on Monday night a party of yeomanry knocked at the door of a public-houſe which they ſuſpected. The woman of the houſe aſſerted ſhe was alone; on ſearching up ſtairs, however, two men were found hid in a cloſet, who, with 660 guineas, likewiſe diſcovered, were ſafely diſpoſed of. A young man was taken priſoner to the Caſtle, who, it was ſaid, was the rebel leader on the night of the 23d. He was meanly dreſſed.

Hudson, *September* 27, 1803.

VERY—VERY IMPORTANT!

MORE BRITISH VILLAINY!!

The *Salem Regiſter* ſays "We hear that a Salem ſhip, going from hence to Boſton, was boarded by a boat from a Britiſh frigate, when off Boſton light-houſe—the officer WANTED MEN! and ſaid, had he met the ſhip a little further off he ſhould certainly have taken ſome of the crew, whom he GREATLY ALARMED! by his appearance, but he ſoon *went away*——without ſeizing any of the men!!!!!!

We are determined not to be outdone by our democratic editors, in noting the aggreſſions and depredations of Britiſh commanders.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

By accounts from Connecticut, we find, that the ſtrength of federaliſm, great as it has hitherto been, is ſtill increaſing there. In fact, it appears that there is but juſt democrats enough in Connecticut, to ſhew honeſt men of what ſort of ſtuff democracy is made.

☞ We are informed that Chriſt Church in this city will be conſecrated by Rev. BISHOP MORE on Sunday next.

The Knell.

At Catskill, on Thursday laſt, Mrs. BETSEY CROSWELL, wife of Mr. MACKAY CROSWELL, Editor of the *Western Conſtellation*. Few have lived more reſpected and beloved—none have died more ſincerely lamented. Departing in the prime of life, ſhe has left a fond mother, an affectionate huſband, three young children, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their irreparable loſs.

"Our dying friends are pioneers, to ſmooth
"Our rugged paſs to death; to break thoſe bars
"Of terror and abhorrence, Nature throws
"'Croſs our obſtructed way; and, thus, to make
"Welcome, as ſafe, our port from every ſtorm."

At Catskill, JOHN RHODES, in the 19th year of his age, apprentice to the printing buſineſs in the office of the *Western Conſtellation*.

At Philadelphia, Commodore JOHN BARRY, late of the American Navy.

The Wreath.

EXTRACT.

ON THE TERRORS OF GUILT.

YON coward with the streaming hair,
And visage madden's to despair,
With bosom lab'ring with a sigh,
Is GUILT !—behold, he hears the name,
And starts with horror ! fear and shame.

See ! slow Suspicion by his side,
With winking microscopic eye !
And Mystery his muffled guide,
With fearful speech and head awry.

See ! scowling Malice there attend,
Bold Falshood, an apparent friend ;
Avarice, repining o'er his pelf,
Mean Cunning, lover of himself ;
Hatred, the son of conscious fear,
Impatient Envy with a fiend-like sneer,
And shades of blasted Hope, which still are hovering near.

All other woes will find relief,
And time alleviate every grief :
Memory, though slowly, will decay,
And Sorrow's empire pass away.
Awhile misfortune may controul,
And pain oppress the virtuous soul,
Yet Innocence can still beguile
The patient sufferer of a smile,
The beams of Hope may still dispens
A grateful feeling to the sense ;
Friendship may cast her arms around,
And with kind tears embalm the wound ;
Or Piety's soft incense rise,
And waft a prayer to the skies ;
But those fell pangs which he endures,
Nor time forgets, nor kindness cures ;
Like Ocean's waves, they still return,
Like Etna's fires forever burn.

Round him no genial zephyrs fly,
No fair horizon glads his eye,
No joys to him does Nature yield,
The solemn grove, or laughing field ;
Though both with loud rejoicings ring,
No pleasure does the echo bring ;
Not bubbling waters as they roll,
Can tranquilize his bursting soul,
For Conscience still, with tingling smart,
Asserts an empire o'er his heart,
And even when his eyelids close,
With clamorous scream affrights repose.

Oppress'd with light, he seeks to shun
The splendid glories of the sun ;
The busy crowds that hover near,
Torment his eyes, distract his ear,
He hastens to the secret shades,
Where not a ray the gloom pervades ;
Where Contemplation may retreat,
And Silence take his mossy seat ;
Yet even there no peace he knows,
His fev'rish blood no calmer flows ;
Some hid assassin's vengeful knife
Is rais'd to end his wretched life.
He shudders, starts, and stares around,
With breathless fright to catch the fancied sound,
Seeks for the dagger in his breast,
And gripes it 'neath his ruffled vest.

Diversity.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES WHIG AND TORY.

THE epithets of *Whig* and *Tory*, says Hume, were first used in 1680. The Court party reproached their antagonists with their affinity to the fanatical Scotch conventiclers, who were known by the name of *Whigs*. The country party found a resemblance between the courtiers and the popish banditti in Ireland, who were called *Tories*. After this manner, (the historian remarks,) those foolish terms of reproach came into general use, and continued a whole century.

THERE is a curious fact handed down by Lord Bacon, which, if it had not the seal of such authority, would be looked upon rather as a fabricated jest, than a true story. His Lordship who was many years a Judge, and afterwards Lord Chancellor of England, relates that a thief being brought to the bar and arraigned for being found on a stolen horse, positively insisted to the Bench, that so far from his having stolen the horse, the horse had stolen him. Fellow, said the Judge, how dare you take the liberty of sporting with the Court on such a solemn occasion; and even while your life is in jeopardy, to attempt to amuse us with such an absurd expression? —The horse steal you indeed !—It is true nevertheless, my Lord, said he firmly. I was passing through the fields upon my lawful occasions, when I perceived a fierce mastiff dog, which I feared might be mad, pursuing me. I ran to save myself—he was getting close up with me just as a high hedge lay in my way. Being very active, I leaped over it, and accidentally lighted upon the back of the horse, which being frightened, ran away with me so furiously that I could not stop him, until he came to the town where I was taken ; and where the owner of the horse now lives. The Jury did not think the evidence so conclusive against his resolute affirmation of the story, (improbable as it appeared) and so acquitted him—perhaps, says his Lordship, not a little thereto moved by the whimsicalness of the defence set up.

[*Charleston Courier.*]

Policies of 99 guineas to one are now opened at Lloyd's that if Bonaparte attempts to make a landing in England, he will not be alive in one month after! This, indeed, is nearly his own calculation of the risque attendant on the voyage. There is a variety of other wagers nearly to the same purport.

[*London Paper.*]

AS it would be a violation of the law of nations to put the first 200,000 invaders to the sword, and they will be too numerous for our prisons to contain them, it is proposed to mark them *G R.* and a *Crown* on the right cheek, and to re-embark them for France on their parole.

[*Ibid.*]

A CERTAIN person asking of *Cato*, why *no statue had been set up in his honour*, as he deserved so well of the Commonwealth ; I had much rather replied he, this question should be asked, than an enquiry should be made, why *any such had been erected.*

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